

COLLEGE CHEER

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST."

VOL. XI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1919.

NO. 6.

Y. M. P. C. FELL BELOW FORMER RECORD.

The return game of Y. M. P. C.s played here last night was a one team affair, especially for the first half, so far as registering baskets. The visitors seemed to be handicapped by the floor and could not locate the basket. After the first minute of play Lafayette was demoralized and could not work together until the middle of the second half. Pass work was sadly lacking, but what there was led to nothing, for too many long shots were attempted.

Interest was kept up during the entire game, however, by the doggedness and fire of the two teams. The score would indicate a show down, but St. Joe did not have so easy a victory. The visitors fought and fought hard, but displayed clean sportsmanship.

The first half developed excellent team work and precision of shooting for St. Joe. Organization was as much in evidence for the home team as it was lacking for Lafayette.

The Y. M. P. C. will be a stronger team later in the season.

St. Joe will play on their floor on Feb. 25th. We are looking for stronger opposition and expect a harder game.

The line-up follows:

St. Joe.			
	Fdg	Flg	P
Rose	9	0	18
Schaefer	6	1	13
Wellman	7	0	14
O'Brien	2	2	6
Harber	1	0	2
Total	25	3	53

Y. M. P. C.			
	Fdg	Flg	P
Bossung	0	4	4
Beille	1	1	3
Kallmeyer	0	0	0
Runyon	0	0	0
McKay	0	0	0
Kaiser	0	0	0
Demhart	2	0	4
Total	3	5	11

The score stands: St. Joe 53; Y. M. P. C. 11. Referee, Raible.

A FLUNKER RESOLVES.

Greek! Thou truly ruthless study,
Thou the cause of all my woe!
Now resolved to master hardships
Page for page thy words I'll know.
Tho I've low percents at present,
Try I will to qualify;
Thus I'll quench my past omission
Ere the next "exams" come by.

NOTICE.

Thursday evening at eight o'clock St. Joe will meet the Fast Great Lake Quintette. A good game is promised. Support your team for we still have 1000 %.

Feb. 12th St. Joe will meet St. Viators. We have played them for the last several seasons. St. Viators has a speedy team and again we ask you for the best of support.

ON BOOKS.

When we are inspired by the beauties of nature, when the buoyant spirit of Spring takes hold upon our inmost being, or the solemn glory of Autumn raises our thoughts to a higher life, when the stars speak secret things into the soul, and even the darkness is eloquent with nameless joy, we are apt to cry with the poet:

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife
Come; hear the woodland linnet
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it."

And indeed, when this gladness of being comes upon us, it is to be prized more highly than the most beautiful, or most erudite of books. For Nature is the book of God, and happy is the man who can, unaided, read the secrets written there! But the song of the bird will one day cease, and the clouds will hide the radiance of the sun; nay, perhaps the beauties of nature will even lose entirely that mysterious significance of the Something Beyond that is sometimes given us to understand. In such a time it is well to go to books for inspiration.

Books are like the honey which bees take from the flowers, and store away for use when the flowers shall have withered and passed away. God has supplied the material, but He has left it to man to store this material away, and preserve it for future generations. "A book," says Ruskin, "should be a resume of the very best a man contains." It is not a mere collection of words, of sentences or of paragraphs. A real book, whether it be a novel or a treatise on science, should be the result of a man's delving into the mystery of life, it must have a purpose, a soul.

To the man who takes pleasure in reading an infinite Kingdom is open, and riches beyond the power of words to describe. His, for the asking, is the wisdom of all the sages, his are the dreams of the poets, and he may live in the realms of the imagination, the lives of the greatest of warriors, or the mightiest of kings. Though he live in drudgery and hardships, yet, with a love for books, his power is infinite, for through a knowledge of the lives of others, he may in thought rise above his present surroundings and be happy.

And within what narrow bounds is all this wealth contained? Treasures that perhaps a man hath spent his life in collecting from far and wide, are stored up, between the two boards of a book! This volume, perhaps contains the whole of fairy-land — and this the secrets of the world to come! Here, as vivid as they were nine hundred years ago, are the emotions that thrilled a lover and a poet's heart when he "beheld his gracious lady", in the streets of Florence. Countless, indeed, are the pleasures of the imagination to be derived from books, but these are not the only ones. There is a certain quiet spirit of peace that comes to one as he reads books like the intimate 'chatty' essays of Lamb, or 'Montaigne' or 'Chesterton', that is impossible to describe, but is nevertheless a real, substantial joy. To listen to Lamb relating some amusing pitiful story of his early trials and tribulations, can be compared to nothing except that absolute contentment that comes over one, as he sits at the close of day, in a comfortable chair before a blazing fire in his own home! A.C. Benson, and Emerson, the former especially, have also this faculty of producing a positive contentment with life and things as they are. There is an atmosphere surrounding Benson's essays that blots out the sight of care and trouble, and leaves only the perception of peace and beauty.

And lastly, there is perhaps the most important of all benefits to be gotten from books — intellectual and moral improvement. Every book justly so called, has for its purpose, the clearing away, in some phase or other of the mystery overlying the relations between man and his surroundings. From the novels of Pene Bazin to the "Imitation" of Thomas a Kempis, every book contains a lesson culled from the experience or observation of the author, that will help us to understand better the eternal mysteries with which God has bounded us on every side. History, poetry, biography and fiction, all are but the outward form for some hidden truth.

Therefore, I say, he is truly happy who has been endowed with the gift of living above and beyond his present life through the power of books.

T. D.

THE NIGHT UMPIRE.

(Ballad in the Dormitory.)

Pray, listen to a story old —
Of worthy Johnie is it told.
And tho 'tis heard from year to year,
Once more I would command your ear.

Enraptured were the boys one night
In dreams of many a pleasing sight.
Anon the silence was no more —
For John let out a sounding snore!

"For goodness sake!" cried some, "be still!
Great Scott! Sounds like a rusty mill!"
Just then the door wide open swang
And loud the prefect's voice it rang:

"Now boys, why can't you quiet be;
For this you'll all report to me."
Twas then the snorer's voice was heard:
"Don't kick! I sa' l you're OUT at third!"

VICTIMS OF CHARITY.

At one time or another we have all been victims of charity. By that is meant that in liberality to the supposed poor, we are duped by their pleas of want and necessity and give alms when we should not do so.

While walking through some busy thoroughfare, many times a person is accosted by a cripple or some one who is deformed in one way or another, and who pours into our readily opened ears a tale of misery or of want. Like a true Christian the victim digs down into his pocket and gives to his greatest extent, and after being thanked he continues on his way patting himself on the back for having performed a good deed. But if only he knew; just as soon as he was out of sight, the beggar hurried to a near by saloon or barrelhouse, and soaked his thirsty engine with the slime of the barrels, so that he can rope in another victim.

The victim, as a general rule, is a kind and good natured person, who thinks to himself, "Well, may be I myself might be in the same fix, or perhaps worse, some day, and I would be very thankful for a helping hand from someone." The victim believes that "bread thrown upon the waters returneth a hundred fold." In such cases though, he is throwing the bread down stream instead of upstream, as that which goes down cannot return.

The cripples and such like beggars very seldom try to work upon the sympathies of the people unless they are in a crowd, as they know only too well that they can shame some people into giving alms, by pleading when numberless people are passing, as some people only give alms, when they think that others are watching their deceitful good works.

As a general rule these beggars work in pairs, one plying his profession on one side of the street while the other does likewise on the opposite side.

The tales they tell would put to shame some of our foremost story writers, and if these beggars would devote their time and ingenuity to some useful occupation they would enrich themselves and the communities in which they reside.

It might seem preposterous to some people to learn that quite a few beggars receive as much as twenty-five dollars a day, and that he is a mighty poor beggar who cannot make five dollars or better a day. This is a proven fact as many beggars have testified.

In some cities the beggars are compelled to have a license in order to beg, and it seems as though the authorities do not take into consideration the worthiness or the unworthiness of the applicant. In other cities the beggars are compelled to give a certain percentage of their alms either to the policeman on the beat or to some one higher in authority.

A sucker, as they say in the vernacular, is born every minute; so also is a victim of charity born every minute, and some of these victims go through life with Christian love for their fellow men apparent in their every action. These can be worked every day and sometimes several or innumerable times, until they have become regular pessimists and when genuine charity is needed, they refuse their help, all on account of past experiences with pretenders.

J. M. C.

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ADDRESSEDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

Wednesday, February 5, 1919.

EDITORIALS.**WHO IS TO BLAME?**

There is a time nearly every day, when we are rudely jarred and given a set back in our work. We are human and of course must naturally show it. The mere fact that we are human does not give us license, or does not permit us to make everyone else realize the fact; being human why not prove that we are men?

When we feel like tearing everyone to shreds for we know not what, and we generally do not know why we wish to, or have not sufficient reason for wishing to do so, we must make sure that we are in the right and then go through with what is bothering us. The usual procedure is to unload our anger on the first object to come in our way; if it be a fellow human being, the blame will be his, and he must take it just because we want to excuse ourselves. A shock which is generally more vigorous in its result comes our way if once in a while we try to unload where we are warned, "do not leave packages here" or "do not park here." Everyone is not in perfect accord on matters in general, and when it is more convenient to unload trouble than to handle it ourselves the unloading must be particularly exact. Every dog has his days good and bad, so if we have a bad one, remember we can generally find company, also see if both the cause and the remedy do not lie within ourselves.

ROOSEVELT'S PERSONALITY.

Apropos to the demise of "Teddy" comes the question — Why all the noise? The answer is to be found in Roosevelt's own character. The ex-President's life was one, filled with noise and commotion, not to his discredit, we may say, but true.

Roosevelt's outstanding characteristic was energy — ever active, ever increasing energy, which because it was controlled and placed into the right channels became a directive force in our civic life. Critics there are, and many, who point out the great man's faults. We concede that there were weaknesses, all the more manifest because of the sterling goodness in the man.

This force was the determining factor of Roosevelt's personality. It was his "big stick", and he

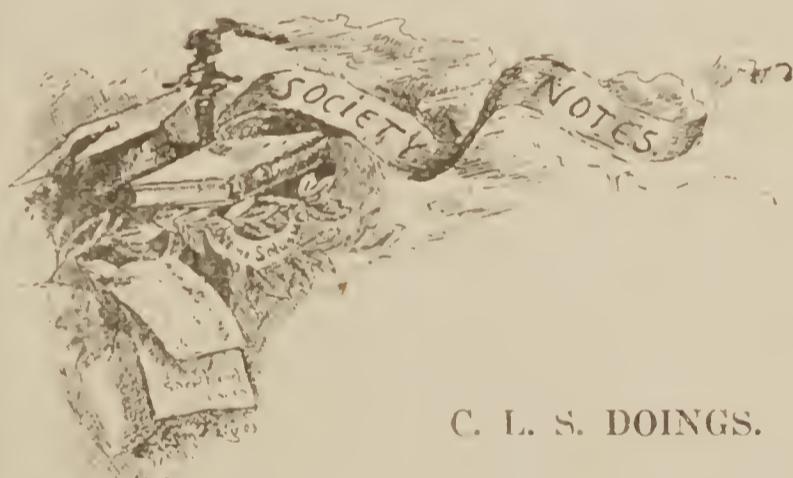
used it to advantage. To-day, in spite of those who, not without reason, speak deprecatingly of his lasting quality, Roosevelt is to most of us the embodiment of unflinching and indefatigable zeal and the true, progressive American.

To the American lads he is the greatest of heroes, about whose life so full of adventure their imagination weaves a web of romance more varied and brilliant than that which the story-teller has woven about Buffalo Bill, Stanley, or Crusoe.

To the average citizen, too, Roosevelt was the incarnation of hardy Americanism. His forceful utterances were a sort of norm by which men shaped their own convictions. All picture him as he appeared on the lecture platform, with strong physique, and pithy, forceful speech and action.

In short, Roosevelt's personality was strong enough to make him a real personage. This perhaps explains the "noise" attendant upon his death. He requested that undue ceremony be dispensed with at his funeral. This wish was granted by sympathetic people, for his influence extends beyond the grave, as that of any great man does.

After all we cannot refrain from saying our "caveat". Don't make too much of him. Like many another fairly great man, Roosevelt probably died in time to save his fame. During the last few years his lamp has been flickering, perhaps because Bill Lye had dipped too much oil out of it. Had he lived a few years longer his modest request would perhaps have been unnecessary.

**C. L. S. DOINGS.**

Stirring as well as timely remarks were addressed to the Columbian Literary Society at its regular meeting held Jan. 26th. If the dignified standards of the society are to be upheld it is the duty of the members to realize their position and appreciate the opportunity of having a voice in the society. In this manner the Reverend Director admonished the Columbians, while in meetings, to guard against all frivolities or whatever may not pertain to the business of the society.

INSTALLMENT OF OFFICERS.

The new officers of the C. L. S. took up their duties for the second school term at this meeting. The retiring president, Mr. Leo J. Mutter, transferred the gavel to Mr. Ferd. Vonder Haar with suitable remarks, expressing his pleasure and yet his regret in relinquishing his office.

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ATHLETICS.

St. Joe defeats Y. M. P. C. Jan. 17.

Despite the grim determination to run up the score to at least 50 points against the Y. M. P. C.s of Lafayette our team had to be satisfied with a winning score of 14 to 7. The odd conditions of the floor probably account for the low score. The floor was out of bounds on all four sides and the shrill sound of the referee's whistle followed by "Y. M. P. C.'s out", or "St. Joe's out" got to be a prominent feature of the game. During the first half little team work was shown and it ended with a score of 7 to 6 in our favor. In the second half more dexterous passwork came into evidence, but solely in favor of the St. Joe quintette. O'Brien starred during the whole game. Wellman, as usual, was all over the floor, but luck seemed to disfavor him in shooting baskets.

The line-up is as follows.

St. Joe.	Fdg	Flg	P	Y. M. P. C.	Fdg	Flg	P
Schaefer	3	0	6	Baille	1	3	5
Rose	2	0	4	Paulak	1	0	2
Wellman	0	0	0	Kallmeyer	0	0	0
O'Brien	2	3	7	Runyon	0	0	0
Harbor	0	0	0	Bossing	0	0	0
Totals	14	3	17	Totals	4	3	7

St. Joe vs. St. X.

On Sunday, Jan. 19, St. Joe played St. Xavier's varsity.

The game was fast and clean. Both teams played their best throughout both halves.

The victory was undecided until a second before the final whistle. Harber came to our assistance and caged the pill from the middle of the floor.

Schaefer and Rose starred for St. Joe and Kraus and Dirksen for St. X.

The line-up follows:

St. Joe.	Fdg	Flg	P	St. X.	Fdg	Flg	P
Schaefer f	2	0	4	Ryan f	3	0	6
Oppenheim f	1	0	2	Lucks f	0	0	0
Wellman c	2	1	5	Fehrenbacher c	0	0	0
Harber g	0	0	0	Dierksen g	2	6	10
Rose g	2	0	4	Luly g	0	0	0
O'Brien g	3	1	7	Scheean	0	0	0
Total	10	2	22	Total	5	6	16

Referee, Potkotter. Score, St. X. 20; St. Joe 22. After this game the St. Joe 1st Juniors were victorious over the St. X. quintette; the score being 21 to 15. Recker and Kallal were the main tossers for St. Joe and Alig and Scharf for St. X.

St. Joe vs. St. X.

On Sunday, Jan. 26th, the Reps again beat St. Xavier. O'Brien starred for St. Joe, Dierksen for St. Xavier.

The line-up follows:

St. Joe.	Fdg	Flg	P	St. X.	Fdg	Flg	P
Schaefer	4	0	8	Kraus	4	0	8
Rose	3	0	6	Ryan	0	0	0
Wellman	1	0	2	Fehrenbacher	0	0	0
Harber	1	0	2	Lucks	3	0	6
O'Brien	1	2	4	Dierksen	1	4	6
Total	10	2	22	Total	8	4	20

St. Joe 22, St. X. 16.

Potkotter Referee.

After this game the St. Joe Independents tied St. X. Midgets to a score of 7 to 7.

St. X. All Stars vs. St. Joe.

In a football game on Sunday morning, Feb. 2, the St. Joe All Stars were beaten by a score of 28 to 19.

Both teams deserve little praise as they used no knowledge whatsoever of basketball. Let us stop this rough stuff as basketball is not interesting when this spirit prevails. We will expect the next All Star game to be clean and fast.

Indiana Harbor vs. St. Joe.

The St. Joe Juniors were defeated on Sunday, Feb. 2, by Indiana Harbor.

Indiana Harbor came through with a strong finish. The game was in the hands of the god of Bolsheviks until the final whistle blew. Both teams may be congratulated on their clean and fast game. Although our opponents were larger a little more team work would have cornered them.

Gant starred for the opponents and Kallal for St. Joe.

The line-up follows:

St. Joe.	Fdg	Flg	P	Indiana Harbor	Fdg	Flg	P
Arnold rf	4	0	8	O'Brien rf	1	0	2
H. Recker lf	1	0	2	Gaut lf	7	6	20
Kallal c	3	2	8	Lind c	2	0	4
Cabel rg	3	0	6	Black rg	1	0	2
Dunkel lg	1	0	2	Callahan lg			
Wojinski s							
Total	12	2	26	Total	22	6	28

Score, St. Joe 26; Indiana Harbor 28.
Referee Raible.

MIDGET LEAGUE.

	G. W.	G. L.	Perc't
Orioles	2	1	666 2/3
Little Giants	1	2	333 1/3
Tigers	0	2	000
Independents	2	0	1 000

ACADEMIC LEAGUE.

	G. W.	G. L.	Perc't
Spoilers	0	2	000
Rounders	1	2	333
Senators	1	1	500
Warriors	3	0	1000

SENIOR LEAGUE.

	G. W.	G. L.	Perc't
Seniors	0	0	1000
IV. Latins	2	0	1000
III. Latins	3	1	750
I. & II. Latins	0	1	000
III. Commercials	0	3	000

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

	G. W.	G. L.	Perc't
Night Hawks	3	0	1000
Juniors Stars	1	1	500
Iroquois	0	1	000
Allies	1	0	1000
Yanks	0	2	000
Mohawks	1	2	333 1/3

WHISKERS.

A Historico Botanical Dissertation

By Prof. Wiseacre Knowall.

Nature is an enormous, unsealed Book in which everyone may leaf to heart's content. Many, however, have not the time, and for others nature's views are cut off by rows of buildings. For such the wisdom gleaned from this great teacher has been written down on parchment and paper. Thousands upon thousands of books have been written on subjects of natural philosophy, the sciences, biology, botany, etc. Every stone, every bug, the elephant as well as the wren, the humble forget-me-not as well as the proud sunflower, all enjoy a description on one or more pages of a book. But in all this gigantic complex of booklore you will not find a single paragraph that could make some pretense to a scientific treatise on whiskers; and yet, this is a subject that is so closely bound up with man. To fill this gap to some extent shall be the burden of the following succinct write-up.

"Whisker, (esp. in plural) the hair on the sides of a man's face: the bristle on the face of a cat, etc." American Dictionary of the English Language. It is very evident that this definition is vague. Do the eyebrows fall under this heading, and what about the hair that grows on man's chin? Where does the cat come in when we talk about whiskers?

Webster has little to say about this word, but gives a good definition of beard, which means the same thing. "The hair grown on the chin, lips, and adjacent parts of the human face, chiefly of male adults." We shall stick to this ex-

planation and apply it to whiskers, because personally I object to the word beard as being derived from the Latin "barba" which means "wire", and a wiry subject would not yield so easily to treatment. Both dictionaries, however, agree on one point, namely that hair grows; hence, hair is a plant and as such falls under the science of botany.

A very natural question to ask would be: Why do whiskers grow around the mouth? Since they consist of individual plants they need nourishment, moisture etc., and where could they more easily obtain this than just around the mouth? Many a little crumb of bread, a little particle of a potato, a tiny drop of water or coffee, falls into the whiskers and is speedily devoured by them. As a rule plants grow upward and towards the light, but whiskers make an exception. They grow out horizontally, nay, even downward. They belong to the class of hanging ornamental plants.

All plants were created in the beginning and have propagated their own kind by means of seeds through the following centuries. Whether this can be said of whiskers is a problem which my limited space will not permit to elucidate. However, we generally see Noah pictured with whiskers. Hence their history reaches back to the cradle of mankind. As we have already stated above, this plant is a faithful companion of man and has kept him company in all vicissitudes, wanderings and migrations. From Judea it journeyed with him in a northerly direction into Russia and Siberia where the climate seems to be especially adapted for its vigorous growth. There you find beautiful specimens, ebony black and glossy, almost covering the entire face of the owner. The botanical name for this species is: Barba Sarmatica nigra et plena. From Russia it migrated across the North Sea to England where it seems to be less depending on food because

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there it does not grow around the mouth, but from the ears downward. In this form it is called: Barba Anglica in medio divisa. Since England is cut off from France by the Channel only we find whiskers also in France, but there again they have assumed a different shape. They grow on the chin only and downward where all the hair converge into one common central point, and the appellation for them is: Barba Gallica inferior et accuminata. Across the Rhine whiskers are grown on the upper lip only and are fed on tobacco smoke and beer foam. The specific name for these is: Barba Borussica dupliciter accuminata et ad latus divisa. German army officers are the producers of prize specimens. From all the above named countries whiskers have been imported into America where all kinds flourish equally well. We shall class them as: Barba Americana communis et mixta.

We may note right here that whiskers thrive best on white soil, hence the dark skinned races have little reason to be proud of their inferior brands.

Some of my readers would undoubtedly also like to ask the question why ladies do not grow whiskers. The query is not so hard to answer as it looks at first sight. To grow beautiful whiskers a robust and healthy constitution are necessary requisites; since, however, woman belongs to the weaker sex she could not produce whiskers compatible with her natural beauty. Since she cannot raise the best she rather raises none at all.

Whiskers are divided into different classes according to shape, color, and the individual stages of growth; i. e. full whiskers, pointed whiskers, Van Dyke; gray whiskers, white whiskers; when the whiskers just appear on the surface they are called down, i. e., neither hair nor feathers; after close trimming they are called stubbles; if they have never been trimmed but just shot up as wild growth they are called the "forest primeval."

There are also spurious or camouflage whiskers that look exactly like the real produce. They are like artificial flowers, nice in color and shape, and are generally used on the stage, by criminals, and by Santa Claus.

N. B. In the next issue of the "Cheer" another treatise will appear on "Whiskers".

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LOCALS.

A one-act playlet of post-bellum days.

Time:—Sometime near commencement, July 22, 1919. After the Great War and national prohibition act has passed.

Place:—The locker of Monsieur Flynn.

As the curtain rises Tom and his crony, Bill Murphy, are discovered lounging languidly. It is evidently the morning after.

Tom:—Odd isn't it, what a "head" a fellow will develop on patent medicine?

Bill:—Really, my poor dome was never so large. Can't you scrape up an eye-opener somewhere, old man?

Tom:—(Rings) I don't know what luck we're to have. It's terrible hard, these days. Why, I spend half of my time trying to think of substitutes. The other day I had the luck to find a man who knew where there was an ounce of the real stuff, but I got there too late. (McCormack, butler, enters.) Oh, Francis, what can you find us in the nature of an eye-pry? How is our stock of vanilla?

Francis:—Quite run down, sir. In fact, entirely so, sir.

Tom:—Heavens,, what are we going to do Francis?

Francis:—I'm sure, I can't say, sir.

Bill:—How about that stock of fine Peruna you used to boast about? Have you finished that?

Tom:—Long ago. Uncle William Jennings Bryan drank it up when he was down from up-state to attend the Society for the Prevention of Thirst convention.

Francis:—I had planned to make you a high-ball with that beautiful red alcohol in the thermometer, sir, but someone has stolen it, sir.

Tom:—How about that potato receipt?

Francis:—Quite a failure, sir. Pardon, sir, but isn't there a bit of alcohol in Milady Yenn's perfume?

Tom:—I love you for that, Frank. Bring all she may have quickly.

(Exit Francis)

Bill:—Clever butler, that.

Tom:—Really, his brain is marvelous.

Bill:—Haw. This'll be good. What'll you have, old man, a heliotrope highball or a rose rickey?

Francis re-enters with two small bottles.

Francis:—The one is Odeur du Jardin, the other —

Tom:—Never mind the flavor. Francis. Fix 'em up.

Bill:—No end of trouble to get a thirst quencher these days.

Tom:—(Inspired) Jove, man, do you remember the day I broke the compass in the physics

lab and got alcohol all over my clothes?

Bill:—Yes, but

Tom:—Well, there must be alcohol in all compasses. A great idea. I must investigate it at once.

Bill:—Great! Magnificent! If this idea of yours works out we'll buy up all the old compasses about Rensselaer.

Tom:—But we'll have to hurry or someone'll beat us to it.

Francis:—The drinks, sir. (Hands each a small glass containing a thimbleful of perfume. Then quietly withdraws.)

Bill:—By all the spirits, Tom, this is great!

Tom:—And such a relief from Peruna.

The curtain falls upon a scene of perfect content.

Could Eat, but couldn't See.

A farmer who went to a large city to see the sights engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hour for dining.

"We have breakfast from six to eleven, dinner from eleven to three, and supper from three to eight," explained the clerk.

"Wa—al, say," inquired the farmer in surprise, "what time air I goin' ter git ter see the town?"

Such A Liar.

Dowling and Fox agreed to settle their dispute by a fight and it was understood that whoever wanted to quit should say "enough". Dowling got Fox and was hammering him unmercifully, when Fox called out several times "enough!" As Dowling paid no attention, but kept on administering punishment, a bystander said, "Why don't you let him up? Don't you hear him say that he's got enough?"

"I do," says Dowling. "But he's such a liar, you can't believe him."

The Bone of Contention.

White Man:—"Look here, Uncle Mose," he said, "here are the men of the North and the men of the South killing one another off on your account. Why don't you pitch in and join them?"

Uncle Mose looked at his interlocutor with a pleasant smile, then, "Mah frien', has yo' evah seen two dawgs a'fightin' ovah a bone?"

White Man:—Of course I have."

U. Mose:—"Did yo' evah see the bone fight?"

Would take the Chance.

Pat, whose regiment was in action, became quite overcome by fright and started on a run for the rear. An official called him to stop, shouting: "Stop, or I'll fire at you!"

Pat increased his speed. "Foire away!" he yelled. "Phwat's wan bullet to a bushel av 'em?"



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POPULARITY.

(A posthumous poem)

Popularity, Thou goddess of the vain;
How many fair illusions
Pourest Thou o'er Thy worshipers.
Thou makest abject slavery sweet —
For what else is it to sacrifice
One's will, one's hopes, profound conviction
To reap the praises of day's idle talk?
What glory can you boast, O man,
What noble virtue show,
Who to thyself untrue wilt be
Less true those you deceive.
Oh, man, an honest, doughty heart
To

the poem stops here.

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